

PZ
83
199T

FT MEADE
GenColl

THROUGH THE NURSERY DOOR



Freuday

Isabel McKenzie



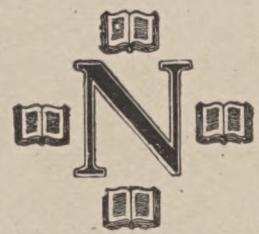
Class PZ8

Book 3

Copyright No. M199T

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THROUGH THE NURSERY DOOR





UP IN A SWING

(See page 71)

THROUGH THE NURSERY DOOR

BY

ISABEL MCKENZIE

*With Cover Design in Colors and Twelve
Full-Page Illustrations*

BY

JAMES FREIXAS



NEW YORK
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1914.

PZ 8
M 3
199
T

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

6 2 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0

DEC 31 1914

© CLA 391209

To
ANDREW

Of the poems of child life that appear in this book most
are new. To the editor of Harper's Magazine I am
indebted for permission to reprint others.

I. M.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BABY'S SECRET	15
THE NEW BABY	16
DADDY	17
TAKING DOLLY'S PICTURE	18
A TEENY WEEZY BABE	21
MAGIC PICTURES	22
THE KITTENS	24
COUNTING THE SHEEP	27
SO BUSY	28
THE RAIN DROPS	29
IN SLEEPYLAND	30
THE TWINS	33
AFTERNOON TEA	34
THE INDIAN	35
HURRAH!	36
THE CLOSE OF DAY	37
MY SONG	38
WHEN I AM GOOD	41
LITTLE JOHNNY JONES	42
THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE	44
MARJORIE'S CHOICE	47
SHADOWS	48
THE SEWING SCHOOL	49
A PRAYER	50
DREAMS	53
MY PLAYMATE	54
A BRAVE BOY	57

	PAGE
MY MOTHER'S SMILE	58
LITTLE, BUT,—OH, MY!	59
THE STAR	60
TIRED BABY	61
THE MAN IN THE MOON	62
A TO Z	65
THE SANDMAN	66
MY MOTHER	67
BOBBY	68
MY PICTURE	69
THE MYSTERY	70
UP IN A SWING	71
THE ONLY WAY	72
NO TIME TO PLAY	75
PROBLEMS	76
WHEN NURSE TURNS OUT THE LIGHT	77
THE SECRET	78
PLAYING BEAR	79
FAR-OFF LAND	80
MY KITTEN	81
ON TIPPITY TOE	82
DOLLY'S LULLABY	85
THE LOITERER	86
LITTLE RUTH	87
OUR SCHOOL	88
I WONDER WHY	90
THE NAME I LIKE THE BEST	93
IN CHURCH	94
SILLY LITTLE PUSSY CAT	95

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
Up in a Swing		
Taking Dolly's Picture	PAGE 19	✓
The Kittens	25	✓
The Twins	32	✓
My Song	39	✓
The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe	45	✓
A Prayer	51	✓
A Brave Boy	56	✓
The Man in the Moon	63	✓
No Time to Play	74	✓
On Tippy Toe	83	✓
I Wonder Why	91	✓

Through the Nursery Door

BABY'S SECRET

Tell me, little baby dear,
What you think of things down here.
Eyes so big and round and blue,
Rosy cheeks and dimples two,
Sitting there on mother's lap
Almost ready for a nap,—
Tell me, little baby dear:
What you think of things down here?

THE NEW BABY

A bran-new baby came to stay
At our house the other day.
I don't dare make a bit of noise,—
It's kind of hard on little boys.

And father calls him "Little Son."
You'd think he was the only one.
And mother says, "He's such a dear!"
He will be spoilt, I greatly fear.

Most ev'ry day the presents come,
And keep things in a perfect hum:
A silver cup, and spoons, and rings,—
I never saw so many things.

But no one seems to think of me;
I'm just as lonesome as can be.
The only thing I hear all day
Is "Hush!" or "Run right out and play."

A bran-new baby came to stay
At our house the other day.
I don't see why they couldn't be
Just satisfied to 'tend to me.

DADDY

When I was just a little chap
I used to climb on Daddy's lap,
And perched upon his willing knee,
I rode away o'er land and sea.

Away I rode so hard and fast,—
And many cities sailed apast.
Sometimes around the world I went,
Till Daddy's breath was almost spent.

Too soon I'd hear the clock strike eight,
Then Dad would say "My son, don't wait,"
And he would chase me through the hall,—
"Good night! Sweet dreams!" I'd hear him call.

Then Mother came, so sweet and fair,
To hear me say my evening prayer.
I'd give the world to be a lad,
And climb the lap of dear old Dad.

TAKING DOLLY'S PICTURE

Now, dolly, you must sit up straight
For just a little while;
Your picture I am going to take;
So look at me,—and smile.

Now, sit real still and don't you move!
There,—let me fix that curl.
All ready? Snap! the kodak goes
For mother's little girl.



A TEENY WEEZY BABE

I is just a teeny babe,—
Just a teeny, weeny babe.
Hasn't dot a fing to do,
Glad I's dot a fumb or two.
All I has to do is grow;
When I's hungry, bite a toe.
Nossin' else to do but lie
In my crib,—and cry and cry.

Dot a muvver,—awfu' nice!—
Never has to call her twice.
Holds me in her arms so tight,
Finks I is about just wight;
Calls me, "Precious little lamb";
Tells 'em all how dood I am.
Dess I'll like my daddy too:
Says my eyes are big and blue;
Says he's proud as proud can be
Of my muvver,—and of me.

MAGIC PICTURES

We've the nicest pictures
Upon our nurs'ry wall,
Painted on the paper,—
They don't come off at all.
Close up to the ceiling
Around the room they run;
We just love these pictures
So dearly,—ev'ry one.

We've got carts and horses
And automobiles too,
Woolly sheep and moo-cows,
And teddy bears a few.
Now and then a soldier
Comes marching, straight and tall;
Next to him a kitten
Is playing with a ball.

Nights these nurs'ry pictures
Walk on enchanted ground,—
All the house is quiet
You cannot hear a sound,—
At the stroke of midnight
These magic pictures crawl
From the nooks and corners,
A-sliding down the wall.

How they romp and tumble
Upon the nurs'ry floor,
Making such a racket
As never heard before!
Daylight softly creeping
In through the window-pane,—
Ev'ry picture scrambles
Back into place again.

THE KITTENS

Three tiny little kittens,
Playing with a ball,
All running hard to catch it
Up and down the hall.

One looks just like a tiger,
One is black as night,
And one is like a snowball,—
Fluffy and so white.

And when 'twas time for supper,
Ev'ry kitten knew;
For when their mistress called them
Each one answered, "MEW."



Freikat

COUNTING THE SHEEP

When all the lights are turned down low,
And ev'rything is still,—
When I am tucked in bed I count
My sheep go down the hill.

And some are white, and some are grey,
But I have just been told,
There'll be one most as black as night
In nearly ev'ry fold.

I see them coming up the hill,—
Now I can count to eight;
They're running up so very fast
The others have to wait.

Then nine, and ten, eleven come,
Oh, what a pretty sight!
And twelve,—a little baby lamb,
With wool so soft and white.

Away they scamper over fields—
No wonder that Bo-peep
(Oh, let me see, where did I stop!)
Was always losing sheep.

I guess I'll have to start again.
Each time I count my sheep
I have to work so very hard,—
For fear I'll fall a-s-l-e-e-p.

SO BUSY

Now, dolly, would you like to go
Out for a little ride?
But come right here this minute,—come!
Your shoe-strings are untied.

How did you get your dress so soiled?
It's black as black can be.
'Twould try the patience of a saint
To have to work like me.

Now sit right here, upon this chair,
And don't you dare get down.
If you do one more naughty thing,
You cannot go to town.

It's such hard work to bring dolls up!—
And I have twenty-three,—
I never have a chance to rest,
With such a family.

THE RAIN DROPS

How I love to see the rain
Dancing on the window pane!
Down the glass the small drops chase
One another on a race.

Little fairies rain-drops are,
Coming from a distance far,
Just to give us food and drink.
We should love them,—don't you think?

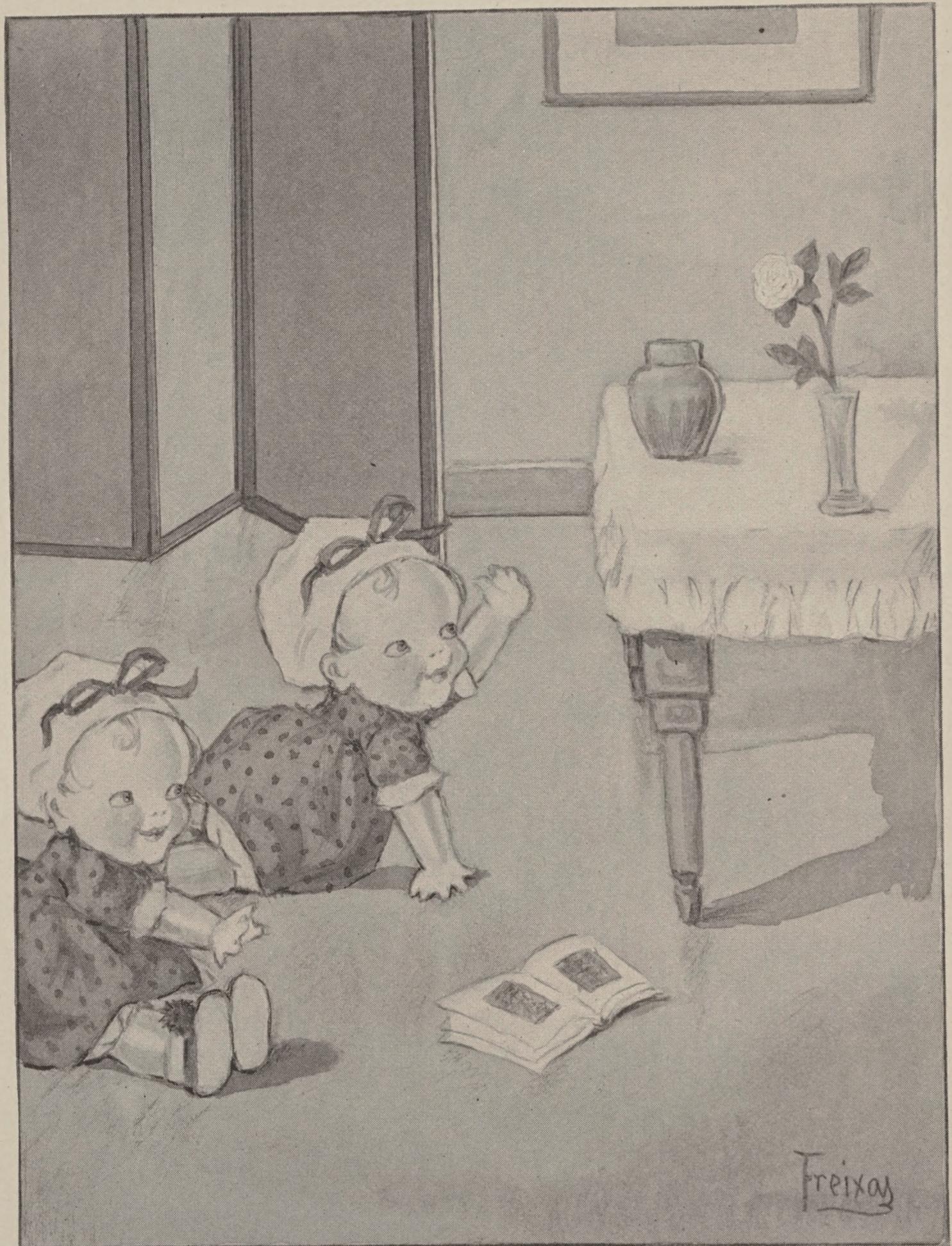
So I watch each tiny drop,
Running with a jump and hop.
Soon we'll see the shining sun,—
Dancing then will all be done.

IN SLEEPYLAND

I never could quite understand
The things I see in sleepyland.
There playthings laugh and dance and walk,
And ev'ry animal can talk.

And trains can go without a track,—
Can run a hundred miles and back;
And ships can sail right on the ground;
There's not one toy that must be wound.

I never could quite understand
The things I see in sleepyland;
For when I wake, they're all so still.
I know they can go,—if they will.



THE TWINS

We have just commenced to creep;
So we'd like to take a peep
At some things we see around.
Guess we'll catch it when we're found!

Ev'rybody makes a fuss
When they see there's two of us.
Twins we are, of course, you see.
Which is sister? Which is me?

AFTERNOON TEA

There! ev'ry thing is ready
For my afternoon tea;
And I've invited Towser
To keep me company.

Oh, I forgot the cookies!
Now, Towser, do be good.
I wonder, if I left you,
You'd eat up all the food?

THE INDIAN

At night when we have had our romp,
And it is time to go to bed,
I like to wait a little while,—
And let my brother go ahead.

For he's a soldier, big and brave,
He says he would not be afraid,
If, on our journey up the stair,
He saw a big, black, grizzly bear.

One night, when we were starting up
The stairs, and playing 'twas a hill,
I saw a great big Indian,
A-standing there,—so tall and still.

"What's that?" I cried, and called to Jack;
But he was out of sight,—almost.
How nurse did laugh as she showed us
'Twas nothing but the newel post!

HURRAH!

The pinwheel man is coming,—
He's coming down the street!
The children run to meet him
With swift and willing feet.

He bears a banner lofty,
With pinwheels covered o'er.
I think there must be fifty,—
But maybe there are more.

And some are red-and-yellow,
And some are blue-and-green.
Yes, some are gold-and-silver:
The grandest ever seen!

A penny for the smallest,
But two cents for the large,
For those you see 'way up top
A nickel he will charge.

Oh! when the wind is blowing
And they go flying 'round,
The colors of the rainbow
In ev'ry one is found.

The pinwheel man is coming,
And ev'ry child is glad;
For, if we did not like him,
I'm sure he would feel sad.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

At night when I am tucked in bed,
 Nurse rolls the curtains high,
So at the heavens I can look
 And watch the clouds sail by.

One night I saw a fleet of ships;
 I watched till they grew dim.
And next I saw a man-of-war
 Go sailing past so grim.

Then soldiers came a-marching by
 In uniform of grey;
I watched them as they bravely went
 To battles far away.

Then all at once the sky was turned
 Into a rosy red,—
Just like a beautiful rainbow
 All spread out overhead.

I watched until the colors went
 And left the sky so grey,—
But then I know they'll all come back
 Another close of day.

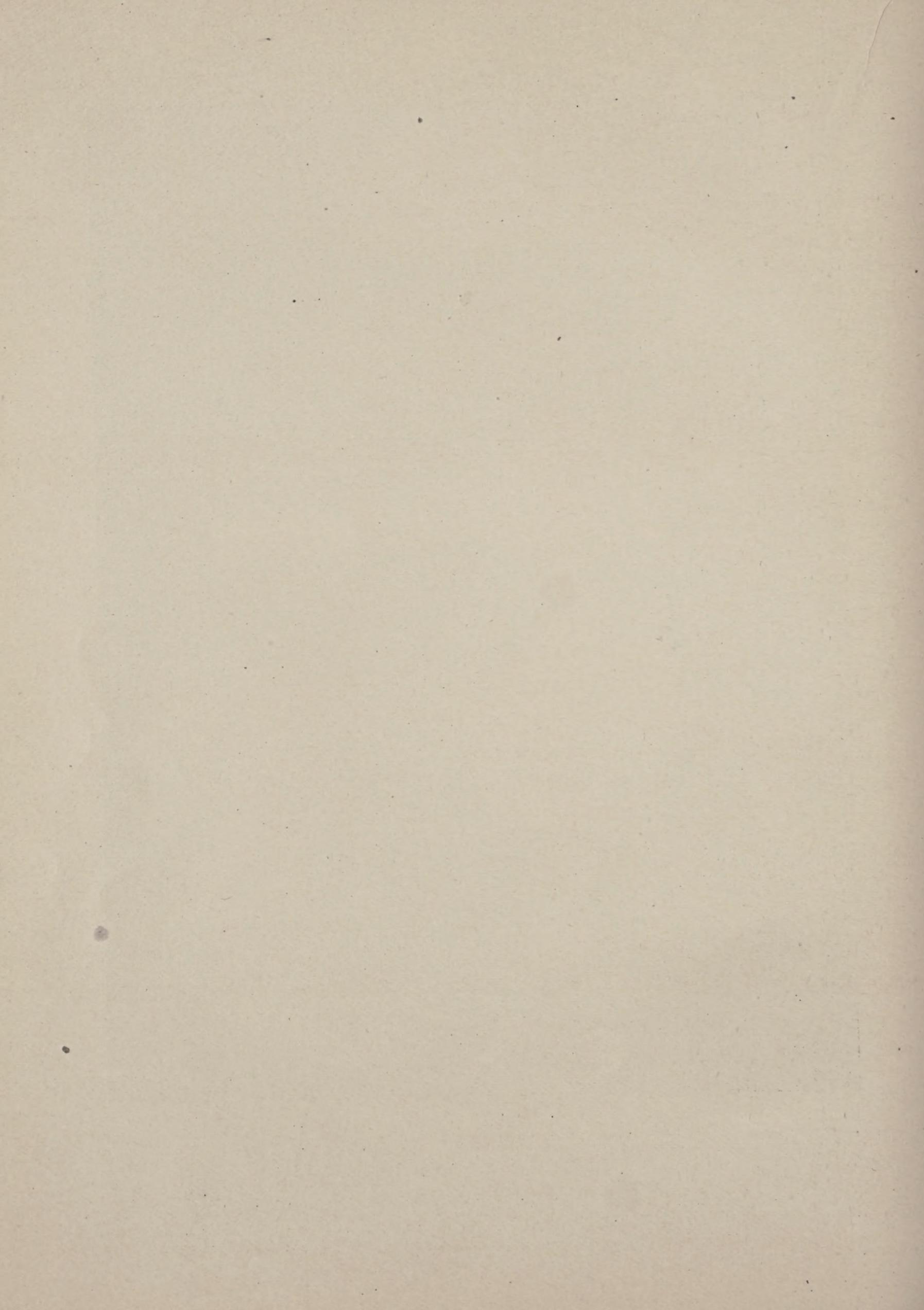
MY SONG

Sometimes I feel like singing,
So I sit down and play
Upon a real piano,
And make up words to say.

I sing about the flowers,
About the busy bees,
About the lovely sunshine,
About the birds and trees.

I sing about my playthings,—
That takes so very long,—
And ev'ry thing that happens
I put into my song.





WHEN I AM GOOD

When I am good the whole day long,
And never do a thing that's wrong:—
I do not leave my toys around,
But put them where they can be found;
I eat just what I'm told to eat,
And never pout nor stamp my feet;
And when it's time to go to bed
I do not wait, but go ahead;
I let my nurse put out the light
Because I'm not afraid at night,—
Then, when I'm good like this all day,
And really feel it's come to stay,
When mother says I am her pride,
I feel so happy,—right inside.

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES

Cried little Johnny Jones one day:

“I wish I was a bird!
I’d never have to go to school,
Or learn a single word.

“I’d never have to wash my hands,
Or even comb my hair;
And I could travel all around
And nobody would care.

“And very early I would wake,
And make a lot of noise;
And not a single soul could say:
‘You cannot have your toys.’ ”

Cried little Johnny Jones one day,
“I wish I was a bird!”
And then the strangest thing took place,—
His wish a fairy heard.

His hands commenced to turn to wings,
And,—so the story goes,—
Right after that the feathers came
To wear instead of clothes.

His eyes grew very small and bright;
His lips became a beak;
His feet were turned into great claws;
He not a word could speak.

He flew all day on wings so light;
He swung up in the trees;
He ate the cherries big and red,
And chased the bumblebees,

And when at last it grew so dark,
He cried in mournful tones:
“I wish my mother’d come and get
Her little Johnny Jones!”

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE

It must have been awful to live in a shoe,
And have so many children,—naughty ones
too.

It must have been crowded clear down in the
toe,—

I think it was awful to treat children so.

I never could see how those children could
stay

In the toe of that shoe, all night and all day.
I guess the old woman just buttoned them in.
No wonder those poor children made such a
din!



Fréixas

MARJORIE'S CHOICE

You ask which doll I'll give away?
That's very hard for me to say.
You see, I love them all so much,
Even the one my nurse calls "Dutch."

I cannot spare my baby dear,—
To live without her would seem queer,—
Besides, you know, it is not good
For babies to have change of food.

The twins I cannot give away,—
I don't believe they'd live a day.
And brother poked out Peggy's eye;
You would not want to make her cry.

There's Bessie, Anabel, and Nan,
My sailor boy,—dear little man!—
Would cry, unless he went to sea,
If forced to live away from me.

Oh, here's the doll aunt brought from France!
I know you'd like to see her dance.
Of course I'll give away the best,—
So just take her. I'll keep the rest.

SHADOWS

There is a little shadow,
That follows me all day;
He follows me all over
When I go out to play.

No matter what I'm doing,
He does the very same;
While I get all the scoldings
And have to take the blame.

Sometimes he looks so funny,
So tall and thin,—or fat.
You never hear him speaking,—
He's just a copy-cat.

It's pretty aggravating.
I don't know what to do.
I'm getting awful tired
Of shadows. Wouldn't you?

THE SEWING SCHOOL

Little fingers busy are,
Sewing seams that reach so far.
Back and forth the needle goes
Making stitches,—rows and rows.

Stitches must be very straight,
Or destruction be their fate;
Teacher's eyes are very keen:
Crooked stitches will be seen.

Little children, do your best,
Then your work will stand the test.
When at work, or when at play,
Do your very best each day.

A PRAYER

Jesus make me thoughtful;
Make me kind and true;
Make me ever ready
All my tasks to do;

Make me truly thankful
For this world so fair;
Help me to help others
From my goodly share.



DREAMS

At night we see a diff'rent way,—
Things never look the same by day,—
At night our dolls and soldiers talk,
Around the room we see them walk.

And brother said the other night
He saw his soldiers in a fight,—
He saw them just as plain as day,
And watched them as they marched away.

And one dark night a lion bold
Came creeping in, and took a-hold
Of Susan Jane,—my doll so dear,—
And made me cry aloud with fear.

At night we see a diff'rent way,—
Things never look the same by day,—
It's all so real, it does not seem
That what we see at night's a dream.

MY PLAYMATE

I have a little playmate,—
She's here most ev'ry day,—
I wish she was my sister,
So she could come to stay.

She knows so many nice games;
She's never one bit cross;
If I should lose my playmate,
'T'would be an awful loss.

When I'm in bed at night-time
And cannot go to sleep,
I whisper: "Come, Lucinda,"
And into bed she'll creep.

She tells me lovely stories,
And talks till, by and by,—
Before I really know it,—
The sun is shining high.

When we go out a-walking
My nurse will say to me:
"Is Miss Lucinda coming?"
I say: "Why, can't you see?"

I don't know what's the reason
That grown-ups cannot see,—
They must have had a playmate
When they were young like me.



A BRAVE BOY

I'm not a spec afraid at night;
I go to sleep without a light;
It's only girls and babies wee
That get so scared,—not boys like me.

Oh! what's that standing by the door?
I never saw that there before.
It's crawling, and I hear it hum.
Oh, Mother,—Mother,—Mo-th-er!
Co-ome!

MY MOTHER'S SMILE

Most ev'ry night my mother comes
 So softly to my bed;
I feel her smile, and lay her hand
 So gently on my head.

I think she must be praying, for
 She stands so still awhile,—
And then she stoops and kisses me.
 I love my mother's smile.

LITTLE, BUT,—OH, MY!

I'm just a baby wee,
As busy as can be,
I never say a word,
But ev'ry time I'm heard;
I keep the folks astir,
To put things where they were.
I'm little, but,—oh, my!—
The way that I can cry.

THE STAR

When I wake up at night and see
The great big scarey dark,
I like to look up in the sky
To watch a tiny spark,—

A tiny little shining light,
A twinkling sparkling star
That shines up in the sky for me,—
It does not seem so far.

It makes me think what mother said
About God's care for me.
I shut my eyes and go to sleep
As safe as safe can be.

TIRED BABY

Baby's gettin' tired;
Been so long awake.
How I wis' my muvver
Would her baby take!

Baby's gettin' hungry.
Dess' I'd better cry . . .
No one seems to hear me,—
Fink I's gone bye-bye.

Baby's awfu' tired;
Now I's goin' to yell.
How else in creation
Can a baby tell?

THE MAN IN THE MOON

I tell my secrets to the man
That lives up in the moon;
He listens to them ev'ry one,
And very, very soon
He sends a silver moonbeam down
To shine upon my bed,—
For that's the way he lets me know
He's heard each word I've said.
And when I look up in his face
I really, truly think
I see him look right back at me,
And smile, and,—sometimes,—wink.



A TO Z

In a row my blocks I set,
Making all the alphabet.
Don't you think that's smart for me?
Cause, you see, I'm only three.

THE SANDMAN

The sandman comes at close of day,
Creeps softly up the stairs;
We children do not hear his tread;
He takes us unawares.

He quickly throws the dust so fine
Into our sleepy eyes,
Then hides, and waits till sleep each one
Has taken by surprise.

And when we're all quite sound asleep,
As quiet as can be;
He waves his magic wand o'er us,
And wonders do we see:

We walk in fields so sweet and green;
We sail on oceans blue;
We travel on, and on, and on;
We climb great mountains too.

Now listen, children,—ev'ry one:
Two bags the sandman brings,—
The one is filled with happy dreams,
The other, dreadful things.

One bag is for the children good,
And one for children bad.
So we had better do our best,—
Be good, and we'll be glad.

MY MOTHER

There's not a thing Mother can't do.

Why ev'rything she says comes true:

She knows just when it's going to rain;

She found out Tom played hooky 'gain;
She knows when things don't go just right,

When Tom and Bill are going to fight,—
No matter how hard we boys try

She's sure to find out by and bye.

She never scolds or makes a fuss,

She talks so kind and good to us;
Don't scare us so we tell a lie,—

Just waits, for she knows bye and bye
We'll just come out with all we've done,—

And, after all, 'twas not much fun.
And when we're sick she is so good!

Nobody else can fix such food,—
She mixes physic up so nice

We'd each one of us take it twice.
She buys such dandy books for boys;

She likes to play with games and toys.
There's not a thing Mother can't do,—

And Father says he thinks so too.

BOBBY

When Bobby's good he's very good;
He does exactly as he should;
He does not cry for currant jam,
And is as meek as Mary's lamb.

When Bobby's bad he's very bad,—
To tell it makes me feel so sad,—
He sometimes says "I won't" to nurse;
I'm sure a child could not act worse.

And then he has to go to bed,—
With only bread and milk he's fed.
Now don't you think the better way
Is to be good just ev'ry day?

MY PICTURE

When I look in the looking-glass
I do not seem to see
The girl my mother says I am,—
It does not look like me.

She says my cheeks are rosy red,
My eyes are china-blue,
My lips for kisses surely are,—
The glass don't say so too.

When I tell that to mother, why
She only laughs at me,
And says: "That's just the way you look,
My little girl, to me."

THE MYSTERY

Where do the trees keep their green leaves
All the long Winter through?
Inside their trunks, of course, my dear,
I thought that every one knew.

Where do the flowers gay and bright
All the long Winter stay?
Why, Mother Earth takes them all in
And safely she hides them away.

What keeps the soft green grass alive
All through the Winter night?
Snow Queen sends pretty fairies white
And covers it up snug and tight.

And when the sun shines warm again,
And birds begin to sing,
They'll all pop up their tiny heads
For they know it is Spring, glad Spring.

UP IN A SWING

Up in a swing we go, hurrah!—

 Up in a swing so high;
Up in the trees, into the blue,
 Until we reach the sky.

Up in the swing we see so far,

 Over a world so wide;
Then we go down,—down, to the ground,—
 That's 'cause the old cat died.

THE ONLY WAY

I'm Daddy's little sunbeam,
And Mother's busy girl,
But nurse says that I talk so much
Her head is in a whirl.

She says I ask such questions
She don't know what to say,—
But when I've got to learn things
That is the only way.



NO TIME TO PLAY

I am so busy ev'ry day
I do not have a chance to play:

On Monday there's the wash to do,
And I must work to get it through;

I iron Tuesday all the day,
And put my clothes so nice away;

For Wednesday I have tears to mend,
And must darn stockings without end;

On Thursday there's so much to do,
I never really do get through;

When Friday comes I sweep and dust,
Because things always look so muss'd;

Then Saturday I mix and bake
Great loaves of bread and jelly-cake;

For Sunday is a day of rest,—
We go to church and act our best.

So don't you see, I cannot play
When I'm so busy ev'ry day?

PROBLEMS

It's awful hard to just grow up,—
There's such a lot to learn,—
We have to study all the time
With teachers strict and stern.

In grammar and arithmetic
There is so much to do;
And pages we must learn by heart
In hist'ry old and new.

We travel in geography
On river, land, and sea,
Until we're 'bout as tired out
As boys can ever be.

It's study, study, all the while;
There's not much time for fun,—
As soon as we get home from school
On errands we must run.

We read and hear the grown-up say
If he were but a boy,
To do the things he used to do,
Would be his greatest joy.

So let's change places for a while,
(Then we could make a noise);
The grown-ups are not satisfied,—
And neither are the boys.

WHEN NURSE TURNS OUT THE LIGHT

Although I am 'most six years old,
I get so scared at night
At things I see in my own room
When nurse turns out the light:

Like animals, with bright red eyes
And great black ugly wings,
And teeth, that look so big and sharp,—
Oh, dreadful looking things!

One night a big black woolly bear
Came creeping to my bed.
“If you don’t go to sleep at once,
“I’ll eat you up!” he said.

But when I tell about these things
“You’re dreaming,” so they say;
But I know better, for I saw
Them just as plain as day.

Although I am 'most six years old,
I get so scared at night;
I am so glad when I wake up
And see the bright sunlight!

THE SECRET

I have a secret all my own,—
It's true as true can be,—
A secret very wonderful,
That no one knows but me.

It fills my heart so full of joy,
I'm singing all the day;
But if I tell you what it is,
'Twould surely fly away.

PLAYING BEAR

'Most ev'ry night right after tea
My dad plays bear with Darwin'n me;
And when we hear a deep, deep growl
We know the bear's commenced to prowl.

We get so awful scared,—we do;
We run and hide, and so would you;
For Dad acts like a real live bear
He jumps right out from ev'rywhere.

And when he catches one of us
He growls and makes a lot of fuss;
And throws us right upon his back
Just like he would a flour-sack.

He says we'll make a tender meal,—
If you could only hear us squeal!—
We try our very best to run,
But Daddy growls, "Your day is done."

I'm sorry if you never had
A daddy just like our own dad,
To play a game of bear with you,—
And brother says he's sorry too.

FAR-OFF LAND

Sometimes when I look 'cross the fields,
 Away to far-off land,
The sky so blue, the clouds like snow,
 Go floating hand in hand.

I watch them as they sail away,
 Like ships upon the sea.
Sometimes I almost think I see
 Them beckoning to me.

MY KITTEN

To any one who cares to ask it,
I'll tell just what is in my basket:
A teeny weeny bit of kitten
That I could put into my mitten.

The name I chose for her is Muffy,
Because she is so round and fluffy,—
Just like a ball, so soft and furry,—
And all inside she's nice and purry.

Be careful when I lift the cover,
Because you know how much I love her.
Oh, no!—you really must not ask it,—
I cannot give away my basket.

ON TIPPITY TOE

On tippy toe, wee Gladys did go
To the chimney near, where Santa Claus dear
Would shortly descend, with presents no end,
And stockings would fill for Thomas and Bill,
Wee baby, and Sue,—they hung stockings too.

Then *pitypit pat!* her heart went like that,—
When creeping down-stair, to see if he's there,
She spied through the door wee fairies a score
All helping St. Nick the presents to pick
And hide them away for glad Christmas day.

What goodies a lot each one of them got!
And wonderful toys for girls and for boys
In stockings did go, clear down to the toe.
A beautiful tree then Gladys did see,
All ready to light the following night.

When work was all done the fairies each one
To chimney did go on tippy toe
For Santa Claus said: "'Tis time we all fled.
For morning's 'most here, and children so dear
Will come here to see what's been left by me."

Away up they flew, and Santa Claus too
Where reindeer and sleigh would take them
away.

To some other house, where, still as a mouse,
More stockings they'd fill,—and work on until
Their task would be done,—for every one.



DOLLY'S LULLABY

Go to sleep, my precious dolly.
There, don't cry, my dear.
Don't you know the sandman's coming,—
Must be almost here?

Don't you hear him knocking, knocking?
Close your eyes so blue.
Mother's going to sing, and rock you.
Go to sleep now,—do!

Now you've reached the land of slumbers,
Little dolly dear;
So in bed I'll safely tuck you.
Sleep, without a fear!

THE LOITERER

Little Miss Anabel Dorothy Day,
Idled so many good moments away,
Seeming to think it was perfectly right
Wasting her moments from morning till night.

When the gong sounded she never arose,—
Settled herself for another short doze,—
Getting to breakfast so dreadfully late,
Eating alone was her usual fate.

Really, it did seem to be her intent,
Keeping folks waiting wherever she went.
All the day long you could hear some one say:
“Hurry, Miss Anabel Dorothy Day!”

LITTLE RUTH

This is the way that little Ruth
Looks when she starts for play.
This is the way she always looks
When she comes back each day.

But Mother says she does not care,
If I do soil my clothes.
She wants to see my cheeks as round
And rosy as a rose.

And so I go out ev'ry day,—
'Twill take me weeks and weeks
To find the pretty roses red
To wear upon my cheeks.

OUR SCHOOL

Jack and I play school in
Our garden ev'ry day
Both of us are teachers,—
Though I have most to say.
School is very crowded,
I wonder if you know
Who we have for scholars,
That make so fine a show.

Bluebells start a-ringing
At just exactly eight;
None of our good scholars
Is hardly ever late.
There is Black-eyed Susan,—
She used to be so wild;
Now she is as gentle
As any little child.

Little Daisy White looks
So very, very small
Standing by Sweet William,
Who is so big and tall.
Lily-of-the-valley
Is looking fresh and sweet
Each one of our scholars
Is kept so trim and neat.

We have grown-up scholars,
And many tiny tots;
They are all together
Our Forget-me-nots.
All the time we're watching
A wicked, wicked weed
Creeping in our garden,—
He's very bad indeed!

Little Pansy blossom,
So pretty and so good,
Looks as if she's talking;
I almost think she could.
We've a Tiger-lily;
He's grown so very tame!
He's so kind and gentle,—
He don't deserve that name.

Now I'm sure you've guessed what
Our school is all about.
Just because they're flowers,
You think they cannot shout;
Just because they're flowers,
You think they do not live.
Oh, they're merry comrades,
And pay back all we give.

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why we're given things,
Like engines and a drum,
And guns that go off with a bang,
And tops that spin and hum;

And just when we get playing good,
And have out all our toys,
Why somebody is sure to say:
“Do stop that awful noise!”



THE NAME I LIKE THE BEST

You want to know my name?

I don't know what to say,—
For I've a bran-new one,
'Most ev'ry other day.

In school they call me "John,"
And sometimes it is "Jack";
There's "Johnny," and "My Son"—
For names I never lack.

My brothers call me "Kid,"
And my big sister Ann,
She calls me 'most always
Her "Little Soldier Man."

But when I'm tucked in bed
My mother's name's the best:
She calls me her "Sweetheart,"—
And that beats all the rest.

IN CHURCH

I've got to sit upon the seat,
As straight as straight can be.
And keep so very, very still,—
For I'm in church, you see.

I'm dressed up in my bestest dress,
So I must keep it nice;
I've got my new white slippers on,—
I've only worn them twice.

There's little cousin Bobby White.
Just coming in the door.
He's pretty small to go to church;
Why, he is only four!

Oh, Mister Brown has gone to sleep!
He ought to be so 'shamed,
To go to sleep when he's in church.
I wonder why he camed?

It's time to take the money up.
Oh, where's my penny gone?
The people in the choir now
Will sing a pretty song.

And oh,—the music seems to float,
Away, a-w-a-y, s-o f-a-r!—
I guess they must be singing too
Up where the angels are.

SILLY LITTLE PUSSY CAT

You silly little pussy cat,
To be afraid of dogs like that!
It's made of cloth, and stuffed with hay,—
I'd be ashamed to run away.
And don't you see his button eyes?
Oh my, you are not very wise!
You silly little pussy cat,
What makes you 'fraid of dogs like that?

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020885865

